LILACS ON THE STAND.

When the plantin' time is over an' there comes a rainy mornin',
When the grass is growin' greener an' the sky is lookin' gray,
When the robin on the ridge-pole is a-frettin' out a warnin'—
That is jest the kind o' weather that was father's restin' day,
When he stretched out on the settle an' the summer harvest planned;
An' I seem to smell the lilacs that were settin' on the stand.

There was gatherin' in the buckets when the sugar run was over,
An' sharpenin' the fence posts for the fixin' o' the lines,
There was cleanin' out the pump-logs o' the roots o' grass an' clover,
An' trimmin' out the orchard an' a-tyin' up the vines;
An' it all comes back so nat'ral, I can see my mother's hand
A-breakin' off the lilacs for the dish upon the stand.

There was seedin' down the oat-field an' turnin' up the furrow,
An' burnin' o' the brush heaps, an' diggin' o' the weeds,
An' the settin' on o' Towser when he found a woodchuck's burrow,
While I followed in the corn-field with my dish o' punkin seeds;
An' it seemed so kind o' peaceful when the shower washed the land,
An' father read his paper near the lilacs on the stand.

Through the busy time we watched the brook, a-plannin' an' a-wishin',
A-cuttin' cherry fish-poles an' thinkin' o' the bait,
Until on father's restin' day we got our chance a-fishin';
An' when we followed down the stream an' come in, wet an' late,
An' showed our string to mother, eyes a-glowin', faces tanned,
She smiled, an' laid her knittin' by the lilacs on the stand.

Oh, the plantin' days o' boyhood, when there come the rainy mornin',
An' the misty kind o' weather that was father's restin' day,
When ye see old age a-bendin' as it sounds its note o' warnin',
An' yer cares are gettin' heavy, an' yer hair is turnin' gray,
How ye find the heart a-longin' for a touch o' mother's hand,
An' a chance to smell the lilacs that were settin' on the stand.

—Florence Josephine Boyce, in Youth's Companion.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Her hostess, the colonel's amiable wife, was busy on the back gallery leading to the kitchen, deep in counsel with her Filipino majordomo and her Chinese cook, servitors who had been well trained and really needed no instruction, and for that matter got but little, for Mrs. Brent's knowledge of the Spanish tongue was even less than her command of "Pidgin" English. Nevertheless, neither Ignacio nor Sing Suey would fail to nod in the one case or smile broadly in the other in assent to her every proposition—it being one of the articles of their domestic faith that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, could best be promoted throughout the establishment by never seeming to differ with the lady of the house. To all outward appearances, therefore, and for the first few weeks, at least, housekeeping in the Philippines seemed something almost idyllic, and Mrs. Brent was in ecstasies over the remarkable virtues of Spanish-trained servants.

There had been anxious days during Maidie's illness. The Sacramento had been ordered away, and the little patient had to be brought ashore. But the chief quartermaster sent his especial steam-launch for "Billy Ray's daughter," the chief surgeon, the best ambulance and team to meet her at the landing; a squad of Sandy's troopers bore her reclining-chair over the side into the launch, out of the launch to the waiting ambulance, and out of the ambulance upstairs into the airy rooms set apart for her, and, with Mrs. Brent and Miss Porter, Sandy and the most devoted of army doctors to bear her company and keep the fans going, Maidie's progress had been rather in the nature of a triumph.

So at least it had seemed to the austere vice president of the Patriotic Daughters of America, who, as it happened, looked on in severe disapproval. She had asked for that very ambulance that very day to enable her to make the rounds of regimental hospitals in the outlying suburbs, and had been politely but positively refused.

By that time, it seems, this most energetic woman had succeeded in alienating all others in authority at corps headquarters, to the end that the commanding general declined to grant her further audience, the surgeon general had given orders that she be not admitted to his inner office, the deputy surgeon general had asked for a sentry to keep her off his premises, the sentries at the first and second reserve hospital had instructions to tell her, also politely but positively, that she could not be admitted except in visiting hours, when the surgeon, a steward, or—and here was "the most unkindest cut of all"—some of the triumphant Red Cross could receive and attend to her, for at last the symbol of Geneva had gained full recognition. At last Dr. Wells and the sisterhood were on duty, comfortably housed, cordially welcomed, and presumably happy.

The officials remained in blissful ignorance of the tremendous nature of the charges laid at their door by Miss Perkins, and Maidie Ray, while duly informed of the frequent calls and kind inquiries of many an officer, and permitted of late to welcome Sandy for little talks, had been mercifully spared the infliction of the personal visitation thrice attempted by her fellow-traveler on the train.

"I don't believe you were ever intimate friends," said Mrs. Brent, "and that she nursed and cared for you in the cars when you were suffering from shock and fright because of a fire. That's what she says, though. What was it, Maidie? Was it there Mr. Stuyvesant got that burn on his face?—and lost his eyebrows?"

And then it transpired that Mr. Stuyvesant had been a frequent and assiduous caller for a whole fortnight, driving thither almost every evening.

But Maidie was oddly silent as to the episode of the fire on the train. She laughed a little about Miss Perkins and her pretensions, but to the disappointment of her hostess could not be drawn into talk about that tall, handsome New Yorker.

And what seemed strange to Mrs. Brent was that now, when Maidie could sit up a few hours each day and see certain among the officers' wives, arriving by almost every steamer from the states, and have happy chats with Sandy every time he could come galloping in from Paco, and was taking delight in watching the parades and reviews on the Bagumbayan, and listening to the evening music of the band, Stuyvesant had ceased to call.

Had Maidie noticed it? Mrs. Brent wondered, as, coming in from her conference with the house of commons, she stood a moment at the door-way gazing at the girl, whose book had fallen to the floor and whose dark eyes, under their veiling lids, were looking far out across the field to the walls and church towers of Old Manila.

It was almost sunset. There was the usual throng of carriages along the Luneta and a great regiment of volunteers, formed in line of platoon columns, was drawn up on the "Campo" directly in front of the house. Sandy had spent his allotted half hour by his sister's side, and, remounting, had cantered out to see the parade. Miss Perkins had declared on the occasion of her third fruitless call that not until Miss Ray sent for her would she again submit herself to be snubbed. So there seemed no immediate danger of her reappearance, and yet Mrs. Brent had given Ignacio orders to open only the panel door when the gate bell clanged, and to refuse admission, even to the drive-way, to a certain importunate caller besides Miss Perkins.

Three days previous there had presented himself a young man in the white dress of the tropics and a hat of fine Manila straw, a young man who would not send up his card, but in very Mexican Spanish asked for Miss Ray. Ignacio sent a boy for Mrs. Brent, who came down to reconnoiter, and the youth reiterated his request.

"An old friend" was all he would say in response to her demand for his name and purpose. She put him off, saying Miss Ray was still too far from well to see anybody, bade him call next day when Dr. Frank and her husband, she knew, would probably be there, duly notified them, and Frank met and received the caller when he came and sent him away in short order.

"The man is a crank," said he, "and I shall have him watched."

The colonel asked that one or two of the soldier police guard should be sent to the house to look after the stranger. A corporal came from the company barrack around on the Calle Real, and it was after nightfall when next the "old friend" rang the bell and was permitted by Ignacio to enter.

But the instant the corporal started forward to look at him the caller bounded back into outer darkness. He was tall, sinewy, speedy and had a 20-yard start before the little guardsman, stout and burly, could squeeze into the street. Then the latter's shouts up the San Luis only served to startle the sentries, to spur the runner, and to excite and agitate Maidie.

Dr. Frank was disgusted when he tried her pulse and temperature half an hour later and said things to the corporal not strictly authorized by the regulations. The episode was unfortunate, yet might soon have been forgotten but for one hapless circumstance. Despite her announcement, something had overcome Miss Perkins' sense of injury, for she had stepped from a carriage directly in front of the house at the moment of the occurrence, was a witness to all that took place, and the first one to extract from the corporal his version of the affair and his theory as to what lay behind it. In another moment she was driving away towards the Nozaleda, the direction taken by the fugitive, fast as her coachman could whip his ponies, the original purpose of her call abandoned.

As in duty bound, both Mrs. Brent and Dr. Frank had told Sandy of this odd affair. Mrs. Brent described the stranger as tall, slender, sallow, with big cavernous dark eyes that had a wild look to them, and a scraggly, fuzzy beard all over his face, as though he hadn't shaved for long weeks. His hands—of course, she had particularly noticed his hands; what woman doesn't notice such things?—were slim and white. He had the look of a man who had been long in hospital; was probably a recently discharged patient, perhaps one of the many men just now getting their home orders from Washington.

"Somebody who served under your father, perhaps," said Mrs. Brent, soothingly to Marion, "and thought he ought to see you."

"Somebody who had not been a soldier at all," said she to Sandy. "He had neither the look nor the manner of one." And Sandy marveled a bit and decided to be on guard.

"Maidie," he had said that afternoon, before riding away, "when you get out next week we must take up pistol practice again. You beat me at Leavenworth, but you can't do it now. Got your gun—anywhere?—the one Dad gave you?" And Dad or Daddy in the Ray household was the "lovingest" of titles.

Maidie turned a languid head on her pillow. "In the upper drawer of the cabinet in my room, I think," said she. "I remember Mrs. Brent's examining it."

Sandy went in search, and presently returned with the prize, a short, big-barreled, powerful little weapon of the bull-dog type, sending a bullet like that of a Derringer, hot and hard, warranted to shock and stop an ox at ten yards but miss a barn at over twenty; a woman's weapon for defense of her life, not a target pistol, and Sandy twirled the shining cylinder approvingly. It was a gleaming toy, with its ivory stock and nickeled steel.

"Every chamber crammed," said Sandy, "and sure to knock spots out of anything from a mad dog to an elephant, provided it hits. Best keep it by you at night, Maidie. These natives are marvelous sneak-thieves. They go all through these ramshackle upper stories like so many ghosts. No one can hear them."

Then, when he took his leave, the pistol remained there lying on the table, and Frank, coming in to see his most interesting patient just as the band was trooping back to its post on the right of the long line, picked it up and examined it, muzzle uppermost, with professional approbation.

"Yours, I see, Miss Ray; and from your father. A man hit by one of these," he continued, musingly, and fingering the fat leaden bullets, "would drop in his tracks. Do you keep it by you?—always?"

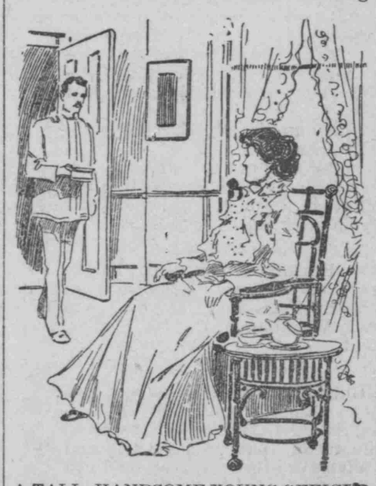
"I? No!" laughed Maidie. "I'm eager to get to my work—healing—not giving—gunshot wounds."

"You will have abundant time, my dear young lady," said the doctor, slowly, as he carefully replaced the weapon on the table by her side, "and—opportunity, if I read the signs aright, and we must get you thoroughly well before you begin. Ah! What's that? What's the matter over there?" he lazily asked. It was a fad of the doctor's never to permit himself to show the least haste or excitement.

A small opera glass stood on the sill, and, calmly adjusting it as he peered, Frank had picked it up and leveled it towards the front and center of the line just back of where the colonel commanding sat in saddle. A lively scuffle and commotion had suddenly begun among the groups of spectators. Miss Ray's reclining-chair was so placed that by merely raising her head she could look out over the field. Mrs. Brent ran to where the colonel's field glasses hung in their leathern case and joined the doctor at the gallery rail.

Three pairs of eyes were gazing fixedly at the point of disturbance, already the center of a surging crowd of soldiers off duty, oblivious now to the fact that the band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and they ought to be standing at attention, hats off, and facing the flag as it came floating slowly to earth on the distant ramparts of the old city.

Disdainful of outside attractions, the adjutant came stalking out to the front as the strain ceased, and his shrill voice was heard turning



A TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG OFFICER STOOD IN THE DOORWAY.

over the parade to his commander. Then the surging group seemed to begin to dissolve, many following a little knot of men carrying on their shoulders an apparently inanimate form. They moved in the direction of the old botanical garden, towards the Estado Mayor, and so absorbed were the three in trying to fathom the cause of the excitement that they were deaf to Ignacio's announcement. A tall, handsome, most distinguished-looking young officer stood at the wide doorway, dressed cap-a-pie in snowy white, and not until, after a moment's hesitation, he stepped within the room and was almost upon them, did Miss Ray turn and see him.

"Why, Mr. Stuyvesant!" was all she said; but the tone was enough.

Mrs. Brent and the doctor dropped the glasses and whirled about. Both instantly noted the access of color. It had not all disappeared, by any means, though the doctor had, when, ten minutes later, Col. Brent came in.

At the moment of his entrance, Stuyvesant, seated close to Marion's reclining-chair, was, with all the doctor's caution and curiosity, examining her revolver. "Rather bulky for a pocket-pistol," he remarked, as, muzzle downward, he essayed its insertion in the gaping orifice at the right hip of his Manila-made, flapping white trousers. It slipped in without a hitch.

"What was the trouble out there awhile ago?" asked the lady of the house of her liege lord. "You saw it, I suppose?"

"Nothing much. Man had a fit, and it took four men to hold him. Maidie, look here. Capt. Kress handed this to me—said they picked it up just back of where the colonel stood at parade. Is he another mash?"

Marion took the envelope from the outstretched hand, drew forth a little carte-de-visite on which was the vignette portrait of her own face, gave one quick glance and dropped back on the pillow. All the bright color fled. The picture fell to the floor. "Can you—find Sandy?" was all she could say, as, with imploring eyes, she gazed into honest Brent's astonished face.

"I can, at once," said Stuyvesant, who had risen from his chair at the colonel's remark. With quick bend he picked up the little card, placed it face downward on the table by her side, never so much as giving one glance at the portrait, and noiselessly left the room.

[To Be Continued.]

PEACE WITH HUMOR.

Cat and Mouse Game Played with a Captive Indian by a Grizzly Bear.

An old Indian, says Mr. Joaquin Miller in his recent book, "True Bear Stories," was terribly frightened by an old monster grizzly and her half-grown cub one autumn, while out gathering manzanita berries; but badly as he was frightened, he was not even scratched.

It seems that while he had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over a bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and had fallen asleep in the trail on the wooded hillside. The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which luckily lay at hand.

This was only a temporary refuge; but he soon saw, to his delight, that the log was open at the other end, and corkscrewing his way along toward the farther end, he was about to emerge when he saw the old mother sitting down, quietly waiting for him.

After recovering his breath, he elbowed and corkscrewed himself back to the place at which he first entered. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half-smiling, and waiting to receive him.

This, the old Indian said, was repeated time after time till he had no longer strength to struggle. He turned on his face, whereupon the bear thrust her head in, touched the top of his head gently with her nose, and then drew back, took her cub with her and shuffled away.

Mr. Miller went to the spot with the Indian a day or two after, and was convinced that his story was exactly true, and when you understand that the bear could easily have entered the hollow log and killed the Indian at any time, you will see that it must have been a sense of humor which caused her to play the cat-and-mouse game with him.

WELLINGTON WAS WHIPPED.

A Boy, His Sister and a Wet Towel Combined Defeated the Hero of Waterloo.

Many a military hero would dread to have told the story of how he was taught to win his battles. Especially would he dislike the reminder if the lesson had come in the form of a sound drubbing at the hands of a girl. A recent English visitor to Wales picked up the following story of Arthur Wellesley at the Trevor homestead, upon the Welsh frontier.

Memories of the great duke of Wellington hang about the place, for his grandmother was a Trevor, Lady Dungannon, and here the future conqueror of Napoleon was wont to spend his holidays when a boy at Eton.

Here, too, he experienced the most serious defeat of his memorable career; for, falling into a quarrel with a farmer's son over a game of marbles, he became engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The future duke was doing well, and was about to hoist the flag of victory, when the farmer boy's big sister came running out with a wet towel.

The advent of the Prussians at Waterloo was scarcely more fortunate for the duke and his friends than the arrival of this stalwart girl was for his boyish enemy. Nor, according to all accounts, was the defeat of the French more crushing than the utter discomfiture of young Wellesley upon this occasion.

That Settled It.

They sat in the gloaming—a small one, and consequently a tight fit—his manly arm round her waist, her flowing locks reposing upon his shoulder. A brilliant flash of taciturnity had for some time illuminated the surrounding landscape. Presently she sighed, and said:

"George, I—I have a confession to make."

"Let me hear it," he whispered; "let no secrets mar our transcendental oneness."

"I—I cannot"—the words struggled to escape—"play the piano."

And then joy bubbled up in his heart with an almost perfect inundation, for he knew that this pearl amongst women was his ownest own.—Stray Stories.

A Liberal-Minded Tribute.

"There is one thing that I admire about germs," said the professor, who has no patience with people who doubt scientific discoveries.

"I didn't know they had any praiseworthy traits whatever."

"They have at least one. They are industrious and take things as they find them. They settle down to their business of making trouble, and don't waste time in debates concerning any human being theory."—Washington Star.